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AN ELECT LADY.

BY

MARY McD. SANTLEY.

"Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come."

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

"She looketh well to the ways of her household,"

* * * * "a woman that feareth the Lord, she
shall be praised."

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DEAR YOUNG WOMEN:

I send to you this little tribute to "An Elect Lady," the beautiful and noble Susanna Annesley, mother of John and Charles Wesley. I hope that its perusal may prompt you to study and emulate the character of one of whom the learned Dr. Adam Clarke said, "I could not repress the tears while contemplating her Christian and womanly virtues, and her more than manly struggles with adversity. Such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted."

M. McD. S.



AN ELECT LADY.

SUSANNA WESLEY, { BORN—LONDON, 1669.
 { DIED—BRISTOL, 1742.

Two centuries, with stately, solemn tread
Have joined the marching ranks of all the ages
Summoned by the voice of God, low sounding,
Since first thought flowers enwreathed this brow
Forerunning golden fruitage, and revealing
A regal intellect enthroned; till now
Scarce found in woman, lovely, clinging,
Thought to be. Two hundred years and more
Since first in London she these flowers wore.

* * * * *

Clothed in the garments beautiful of truth,
And maiden graces—Heaven-born and sweet—
Strong, yet kindly, stood she for what was best
In girlhood, as when wintry storms of life
Beat round her; stood, in calm, supremest rest
A model daughter, mother, teacher, wife.
Though nineteen children lay upon her breast
She taught them all in arts the most polite,
And in their deepest studies was their light.

In tender years she nicest problems solved,
And as her budding charms to ripeness came
Was deft in rav'ling tangled skeins of creed,
And priestess was for son and neighbor too ;
Their web of life from many knots she freed.
And many mothers since, her course in view,
An inspiration for their sorest need
Have sought, where she so freely found supply
Each morn and eventide, of God most high.

O Priestess of Epworth ! still dost thou shine
A guiding star, earth's daughters, if they will
May surely follow. Thy radiant light
Ne'er has been dimmed by sister shining star ;
And the twin orbs thou gavest, in the height
Of full effulgent glory gleam afar
Enswathed in radiance from the Holy Light.
Thou gavest one, a Psalmist sweet, to sing ; —
He, by his hymns a world to Christ may bring ; —
Sweet lyrics, sung round many a couch of death
Where'er is spoke the tongue he wrote them in.
And one, almost thy very self was he,
Though crowned, still points, by life and thought
to God
A happy people, grateful unto thee.

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